The Charles Viewer

Fisher Junior College
1983

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Dear Walter

The Charles Viewer: An annual publication of the Literature Club of Fisher Junior College

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The Charles Viewer

1983

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Photo: Jane A. McCabe
First prize winner, The Charles Viewer
Photography Contest

Walking along the sand
On a sultry afternoon
Watching the sunset on a crystal-clear ocean.

Ann Norman

Monday is the day of rest,
(From weekend hangovers I detest.)
Tuesday is the day of guilt,
(From wasting Monday, this I've felt.)
Wednesday is a day for cheer,
(For we know the weekend's almost here.)
Thursday is a day for relaxing,
('Cause we know the weekend will be taxing.)
Friday is a day to party,
(Party long and party harty.)
Saturday we start again,
(Until the booze we can't contain)
Sunday is the day to pig out,
(Then regret it all-of this I've no doubt!)

Helen Norton

Some unsure feelings
then sad depression sets in
decision time is near.

Tricia Williamson

An angry motion
life beyond imagination
The waves settling down.

Wendy Hosker

MISSING YOU

Days go by and nights are long,
Loneliness sinks in.
The radio starts to play our song,
I'm missing you again.

That same old tune of yesterday,
The melody refrains.
It brings the memories back to me,
I'm missing you again.

It doesn't seem so long ago,
That you held me in your arms.
To feel your lips and see your smile,
To be captured by your charms.

But that is in the past for now,
It's no use to pretend.
The memories refuse to fade,
I'm missing you again.

Cheryl Black

Photo: Lisa Devito
Honorable Mention, The Charles Viewer Photography Contest

JUST LET ME BE

Senseless talk
Phony smile
Cut me down
Stab me in the back
Leave me to bleed
What do I care?
You're not my friend
You never were
So go away, Let me be
You have your gripes
And I have mine
Be a selfish human being
With your senseless talk
And your phony smile
Cut me down
Stab me in the back
Leave me here to bleed
So go away, Just let me be
You have your gripes
And I have mine.

Brenda Jayne Niemi

C.W.I.

I never said I need you
although I know it's true.
I never said I love you
because I thought you knew.
I never said don't leave me
because I knew that we'd soon part.
I never said any of those things
but I felt them in my heart.

Cheryl Black

Moonbeams, oh so bright
Thought I saw a falling star
Just an illusion.

Judy Beattie

Copastetic rainbow
An array of splasing colors
After a spring rain.

Brenda Sullivan

Nightfall of winter
awaken the lifeless bear
Sun-rise of Springtime.

Wendy Hosker

Nature, I love so much!
I feel clean free and wanted
Never alone now!

Juanita Lambe

WOMAN

Woman know yourself
And be proud. Stand up for what you believe
But don't be phony
Stop trying to be somebody else
Stop being dependent on men

Learn to be independent
It is not a male domain
Stop trying to think in terms
Of masculine and feminine
Develop all of your abilities fully
But never be obnoxious.

Respect yourself woman
And men will respect you too
Never lower your principles
For it is degrading
And makes you a thing
Not a human being.

Love yourself for what you are
And others will love you
Stop playing your silly games
And wake up
Wake up to the fact that
You are strong!

Orchid

SO GENTLY

You're lying there so gently
I'll never leave your side.
Not until the moment
You feel it's right to die.
So close your eyes so tightly
And soon you will be gone.
But please don't fear
You'll never be alone.

Tricia Williamson

I LOVE

The sun bright, blinding, burning with passion,
fighting off the dark villains looming in the
beautiful autumn sky.

The air is fresh, deceitfully clear on the edge of crispness.
The summer is a fairy land, the winter reality, the fall
merely a limbo we hang in, waiting for the truth.

The battle is over; the sun reigns ecstatic with victory
whispering over the unnoticing fools.

Glorious beauty filling the spirit, overflowing within the heart.
Unmatched color holding endless question, ever haunting wonder. . .
undoubted faith.

Incredible power incomprehensive even to the exceptional.
For no one is exceptional.
The sun unites, the breeze reminds, the cold confirms.

Noreen Auterio

Photo: Lisa Devito

MAYBE ONE DAY

While you're holding her, I wait for you to let her go,
Why I feel this way, I'm sure I'll never know.
I know you're happy with her, when I see your smiling face,
But the memories of us in my mind, can never be erased.
You still seem to care for me, even though you're seeing her,
And still whenever I see you, something deep inside me stirs.
Maybe one day we'll be together again, happy like before,
It's possible, you never know what the future holds in store.
I'll just keep the happy memories, of the days we shared together,
In hopes I'll have you someday, not just for awhile, but forever.

Lindsay Dowd

Vast rolling meadows
Filled with many forms of life
Nature's Paradise.

Kori Estes

The rain gently falls
And all below is nourished
Ready to live on.

Noreen Franklin

Summer nights in June
Warming breeze surrounding you
All goes too quickly.

Kim Kalinowski

HEAVEN SENT

It is said often,
But I never really heard it,
Never really believed it,
Never really felt it,
Until now.

You came to me,
At the very time I needed you most,
Like a breath of cool, clean air,
Giving me the vital, life giving oxygen,
That has kept me from suffocating,
I'd lost hope,
Lost happiness,
Lost myself.

But now I see your face; smiling
Hear your voice; encouraging
Feel your touch; caressing
In every waking moment,
Even at night you invade my dreams,
Oh! Sweet dreams.

I need you, all of you.
Your strength,
Your gentleness,
Your love.

Yes, I do believe it is so,
And when next it is said,
I will hear it,
I will believe it,
I will feel it.
"From Heaven You Were Sent"

Wendy Lawton

The light has gone out. . .
And I see no one around
Then the dove appeared.

Tammy Lash

A PASSING THOUGHT

Why is happiness always just around the corner?
Just an arm's length away?
Why can't I put my finger on it?
Why can't I make it stay?

I see it there in the distance,
It stares me straight in the face.
But when I reach out to grab it,
It disappears into space.

All I ask for is a little taste,
Just a moment of heavenly bliss.
The thought of peace and serenity,
This is my only wish.

Cheryl Olson

The rain gently falls
And all below is nourished
Ready to live on.

Noreen Franklin

The leaves turn color
and start to fall on the ground
Fall is here today.

Lynda Whelan

Humid days ahead
Sticky, sweaty days of heat
But we long for it.

Yvette Lavigne

TODAY, THE IDEA OF A HERO IS DEAD

Today, the idea of a hero is truly dead. People now are too individualistic and realistic. They are not as gullible as they once were. They do not believe in fantasies or images.

Trust is a main issue against heroes. Today's youth are too "street tough." They can't accept that all people are not out to hurt or take advantage of them. Heroes represent good traits: justice, helpfulness, and concern for others. In the world today, these traits are almost non-existant. It is the work of missionaries and religious figures to help others.

Fantasy-land, or the land of make-believe, is totally unacceptable. It is too "childish." People would think you were slightly disturbed if you believed in heroes like they used to 20 years ago. This is a cold society we live in.

Too many people are out for themselves and care about no one. They are only concerned with "what they can get" out of a situation and take advantage of every chance they have for this, even a disaster or a death.

An example of this would be a death of someone famous, such as John Lennon, who was brutally and unjustly killed. Just hours after his death, people were selling items like tee shirts and buttons, anything pertaining to him, trying to benefit themselves. This is especially bad because John Lennon was close to being a hero in certain people's eyes.

It is sad that society has to be this way. In regard to other people helping our neighbor, the world is regressing instead of progressing. Not all people are like this. There are people who would stop anything they were doing to help someone or "get involved." These people are truly the heroes, and in their hearts, heroes exist. In the near future, one hopes, they will emerge and help this phase of the human race. God knows we need heroes in this world.

Doreen Linnane

Loving you--Losing you

My love for you just flowed
Like water in the oceans.
How placid the water became
How changed were my emotions.

It was so easy being able to love you
Knowing how much you cared.
I never thought we'd be apart
Considering all we've shared.

Loving you came so natrually
As the two of us turned into one.
Losing you made my life empty
As the sky is without the sun.

All my life I've dreamed of
finding someone like you.
Now that I have, you're slipping away
How to hold you, I have no clue.

Kim Kaufman

Icicle shatters
But all around goes onward
Unnoticed losses.

Noreen Franklin

Like a baby grows
A flower blooms a new life
Bringing joy with it.

Sandra Anderson

MEMORIES

Close your eyes awhile,
And think of yesterday.
The memories will smile,
And send the glooms away.

When you're in a bad mood,
Think of what you've done.
Memories are the mind's food,
They fill the heart with sun.

Sandi Anderson

SO MUCH CAN BE
SAID IN A SINGLE
TEAR . . . YET
NOT NEARLY ENOUGH.

THOUGHTS

I often sit and think
about life and all its living.
And sometimes I want to remember
the thoughts that I was thinking.

I sit in a quiet spot
with a pen and pad of paper.
To put my thoughts together
in a poetic kind of manner.

Sometimes it helps to get out
what you're holding deep inside.
Writing seems to release
the thoughts you want to hide.

Then some day may come
when you find you're reminiscing.
On those pieces of paper from long ago
are the thoughts you were once confessing.

So remember when you have a thought,
One you don't want to forget,
Write it down on paper.
It's something you'll never regret.

Kim Kaufman

How loud and noisy, the city can be,
but there is one peaceful place,
Charles River is for me to be.

Katie Brownlie

The mountains so high
Snowy white against the blue sky
Watching the sun rise.

Laurie Arnold

Snow white peaks
Seem to touch the heavens above
Searching for the world beyond.

Alison Nunes

DEDICATED TO THE PIANO PLAYER

Your brown oak piano with keys so white,
Is part of your life which is filled with
delight.

You sit on the stool, so tall and so bold,
You bring the keys to life with the talent that
you hold.

Along the shiny white keys your fingers
start to dance,
You psyche yourself up, then play in a
trance.

Only you hold the life of those tiny white
keys,
You turn them into music and set them
free.

You have so much to offer and give,
the piano is your life and forever
will live.

Lisa Fiumara

"Excuse Me?"

"Excuse me, Miss. Your time is up."
"Excuse me, Dear. I don't have time for you."
"Excuse me, Miss. There's a waiting list."
"Excuse me, Dear. Everyone else comes before
you in my life."
"Excuse me, Miss. Please go to the end of the
line."
"Excuse me, Dear. Please step to the back of
my heart."

"Excuse me, Sir. GO TO HELL!"

Wendy Lawton

LOVE TRIAL

Silence.
Ignorance.
A living hell is my punishment.
But what is my crime?
Caring too much?
Giving too much?
I've been tried and deemed guilty,
By a jury of one.

I had no counsel.
I had no case.
For I didn't even know my crime.
What defense could I offer?

Now I await your verdict.
On what my ultimate fate will be.
Will you leave me,
With the noose around my neck?
Or will you pull the floor
Out from under me
And let me escape
This hell on earth?

I await your word.

Wendy Lawton

A WOMAN WILL BE STRONG

TO BE RESPECTED

A WOMAN WILL BE WEAK

TO BE LOVED

Valerie Cunningham

Sunset in the sky ...
Falling in an orange hue ...
Surrender to the night.

Elaine Holbrook

Graceful in their way
Beautiful in their color
Serene, butterflys.

Marybeth Kane

WHY?

Loneliness is like an ocean;
they both just flow.

Love is like the weather;
it's always changing.

Friendship is like a pencil sketch;
it can fade away when you don't
want it to.

Tears are like rain;
they never seem to stop.

Hurt is like a cut;
they're both painful.

Pam Rogers

Photo: Jane A. McCabe

LIFE SHADES

Grey is the color,
Grey is the word,
Pastels and primaries,
Have vanished from the world.

Colors are muted,
Figures distorted,
Nerves and feelings dulled.
Nothing matters,
Yet everything does,
All of life shades of grey.

Never have I felt this way,
Yet I faintly remember
A time when my world turned
this hue.
Was it grey?
Is it black?

Memory fades.
Another fights to conciousness;
Sunshine, flowers,
Rainbows.

Memory fades.
Grey once again is the world.

Wendy Lawton

What does haiku mean
5 - 7 - 5 that's what that is
and what I'm doing.

Lynda Whelan

I'm trying to write,
my teacher is making me,
has to be haiku.

Lynda Whelan

Through nature and life
Blooms innocence every year -
A child and flower.

Deanna Rose

EPIDEMIC

The age of video games is here
There are computers of all kinds everywhere
You can do anything on these instruments
But I think it shortens the brain measurements
Once you start you just can't stop
And yet they are sold in practically every shop.

Video games are the latest addition
To the many vices that cause addiction
Quarters go by the billions
Into these games played by the millions
Somebody help the population
Because I can't find a solution

Children, adults, rich and poor
All think they can reach the highest score
I think if we do not watch out man
We will have an epidemic on our hand
So be warned my fellow men
Before it's too late or t'will be your end.

Orchid

Birch trees white and tall
Tower all big and small
Remind me of God.

Yvette Lavigne

I CAN ONLY BE ME

Sometimes I wish I were a bird,
Free in flight,
All the world within my sight.
Sometimes I wish I were the sea
Cascading to shore and
Rolling back free.
Sometimes I wish I were the sun,
Warm and bright and worshipped
By some.
Sometimes I wish I were a cloud
Floating in the sky and proud.
Sometimes I wish I were a breeze
Just passing by carefree.
Oh, what fantasies I perceive,
But I guess I can only be me.

Tracy Blackburn

A hot summer night
You and me alone at last
In the falling snow

Stacy Parsons

God created man and woman to love each other dearly
The love I have given to you is more than I have, just barely.

God created man and woman to make one another one
The vows two people take in love are a process which is done.

God created man and woman to work together in a compromise
This is an act of true love not a false act in disguise.

God created man and woman to love in many ways
The love I have given you is real and will always stay.

God created man and woman to hurt no other being
If an act like this should happen you should start to be fleeing.

God created man and woman to love each other so
My love that I have given you is real and will never go.

Lisa Fiumara

It can be a dream
   It can be like a sad song
It's but one thing; love

Climb, climb to the top
   The trees, the wind, the life
It was worth the hike.

Marilyn Warren

Summer, spring, winter
And fall, the best time of all
The days, the months, the years pass.

Juanita Lambe

Photo: Jane A. McCabe

FLOWERS

The flower grows by the edge of the creek,
Its beauty blooming as if to speak.
To tell the world that it is there,
It's perfumed fragrance fills the air.

The petals sway slightly in the breeze,
Moving silently and with ease.
They look as if they're waving to the sun and sky,
Knowing until tomorrow this is goodbye.

The flowers cover the hill like a blanket,
Setting the land ablaze like a sunset.
Making the meadow a colorful sight,
As they brighten the day and rest at night.

The flowers open up and greet the day,
Waking up the countryside where they lay.
Holding their breath as if in fear,
Hoping and praying that they'll be left there.

Sandi Anderson

In the summer sun
Children laughing at play
Swimming in delight.

Karen Rosher

REMEMBRANCE

Though I may never have the chance
to show how much I care,
I don't want you to ever forget
the love that we once shared.
And if by chance we meet again
on life's long, dusty path,
remember me as an old friend
once loved back in the past.

Cheryl Black

GREY SKY

I
grey sky
grey rain
grey earth
grey rocks
grey pain
grey thoughts
grey man

II
sad smiles
sad eyes
sad future
sad hope
sad day
sad thoughts
sad man

III
empty chair
empty bed
empty song
empty heart
empty love
empty thoughts
empty man

IV
she was beautiful
she was caring
she was special
she had many she loved
she had an illness
she is gone,
and she will be missed.

Wendy Danforth

Waves upon the shore
Rays shine from the skies above
A heaven on earth.

Sandra Anderson

WAITING

I sit here waiting for you to call.
I hear the rings
and jump into a drunken stupor,
letting it ring:
once, twice, thrice.
And so seductively
I say, "Hello",
only to have some guy
ask for the girl next door.

Fanna Dagazau

You tell me that you love me,
I know this must be true,
For the happiness I'm feeling now,
Is all because of you.

The words you write,
The things you say,
They're everything to me.
And though love's not an object,
It's something I can see.

You'll never know
How much it means
To know that you are mine.
I only hope our love will last
Until the end of time.

Helen Norton

SOMETIMES YOU REACH
OUT, WITH AN ACHING
NEED, TO FEEL A
CARING HEART . . .
AND THERE IS NONE.

SPRING FEVER

The crocuses aren't the only things
in bloom;
All around me, I see people popping
out of their cocoons.
Spring's just around the corner,
and the fever's in the air.
Everyone's getting itchy (including
me).
School's almost out; graduation's
not far away.
Visions of beaches, bikinis, and
barbecues are running through
everyone's head.
The homework piles up, and the
books collect dust in the corner.
Everyone's biggest concern is
getting an early start on their tan.
Friends are getting irritating, even
unbearable.
Nerves are on edge as we await
the warm weather.
The flowers finally pull through.
The sun's warm rays hit our faces.
We all break loose as we say...
Hello Spring!

Cheryl Olson

The swan gliding by
White reflections on the pond
One September morn.

Brenda Sullivan

I'm in the wilderness
and there is nothing but space
still I feel eroded.

Anne Jackman

THE VISION

Stand still while I look at you,
Come let me touch you.
Through the fog you are not clear,
Losing you is what I fear.

Fading into the deepest night,
I won't give up without a fight.
My vision is blurring, there you go,
Who's taking you, friend or foe?

The vision is gone, out of sight,
I tried helping with all my might.
Now you're gone never to be seen,
Here comes someone, who is he?

It's not you, who goes there?
I want to run away, but where?
He's coming closer, the vision is clear,
He's not someone I have to fear.

That's my dream, now reality,
He's someone special just for me.
He took my hand, we walked away,
Into the sunrise of another day.

Kim Kaufman

A wet salty tear
blinding my eyes like sun rays
What sad memories.

Stacy Parsons

Mountains tall and wide
and streams that flow through valleys
real beauty won't change.

Ann Forbes

The crow sings his song
the sun rises from the mountain
It's time to get up.

Lynda Whelan

LOVE IS THE COMING TOGETHER
OF THE BODY, MIND, AND SPIRIT.

WHAT IS CREATIVITY?

Creativity represents intelligence.
Creativity provides freedom.
Creativity encourages thoughts.
Creativity expresses feelings.
Creativity enlightens others.
Creativity emerges from within.
Creativity can be inspirational.
Creativity deserves respect.

A creative person reflects unspoken thoughts and feelings through his or her work, reaching inward and producing special, interesting, and beautiful results.

If creativity is ridiculed, stifled, or condemned, what could possibly be its equivalent?

Linda Gibbons

Out of your reach
I live high in the mountains
leave me; I am free.

Pamela Stoddard

TO DREAM

As night comes to pass,
I begin to see,
Like sand through glass,
what my life shall be.

The happy dreams
that I thought were real
were not as they seem,
and I begin not to feel.

My mind plays games,
and I feel absurd.
My heart does the same,
and I speak not a word.

I suddenly arise, to realize my fate.
I look at the clock, to see I am late.

Eileen V. Sullivan

If my mind was a book
of poems,
I'd reread the meaning
of love,
I'd found the chapters
of friendship.

If my feelings were a book
of songs,
I'd find the notes
of wisdom.
I'd sing my feelings in a poem.

If my eyes were a photo
album,
I'd flash back in time
to happiness.
I'd frame the memories
of good and bad.

If my heart was a bird,
I'd free it.
I'd watch it fly
and fade away.
I'd send it memories
of happiness.

If my ears were a phone,
I'd dial the numbers
of the past.
I'd listen to the voices
of laughter and tears.

Pam Rogers

THE FIRST REAL TEAR

I had cried many times before over things once important to a girl: a broken date, a fight with a friend, a phone that never rang. But as the years went by, the obstacles increased in severity, building a weak wall of sorrow. Then one night, as I lay on my bed defenseless, it came to me. It was a droplet of water much heavier than I had ever felt before. I could actually feel this tear. I felt it in my stomach, in my throat, and, most of all, in my heart. It sent a deep surge of pain through the whole of my body. It slowly trickled down the side of my face. It almost seemed to be clinging to my cheek, as if to scold me for keeping it hidden so long. When it finally released, others formed, until there were two diagonal streams pouring down the surface of my drenched skin. They flowed for a long time. They tortured me for mistakes, ridiculed for foolishness, and insulted for ignorance. But at the same time, these tiny particles of water were freeing me of all the hurtful things that had been conveniently stored in the darkest pockets of my soul. When the storm finally ceased, I felt like a moving sigh of relief...I had cried my first real tears.

Tracy LeCompte

OBSESSION

As the sunlight glides through
the window,
I can see the faint outline of
your body.
But through the window
it is only a mirrored image.
Somehow we walked to nowhere,
and when we talked the words
were only mouthed.
Oh, how nice it would be, to be young
again, without a care in the world.
Your face shows lines of experience,
your eyes look clear but weary.
Is it time to cut the rope?
Is it time to give up hope?
They say wait till tomorrow,
the sun will rise again.
But when the sun goes down without you,
Life is NON-existing.

Kerrie Gulick

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Without you life is a Merry-go-round
phony horses and empty smiles
only stopping once a decade
in hopes of catching ground
The tension builds, the confusion's eternal
and my love for life grows weaker
please pull the switch
please let me off
so I can get tickets for another ride.

Kerrie Gulick

First love. . .
Shy and innocent
Not knowing what to expect,
Feeling really happy for the first time in your life.

Young love. . .
Free and spirited, no cares in the world
Only being aware of the one you love so much,
Of the one who taught you happiness
And taught you how to love freely and completely.

Teenage love. . .
Sweet and tender
Knowing the pleasures of being held so tight,
Dreaming of your love all through the night.

First love. . .
Loving someone with all your might,
And it feels so right.

Sandi Anderson

Photo: Sandra Lindblom "Young Love"
Honorable Mention,
The Charles Viewer Photography
Contest

It gives us warmth and light
Fills our souls with hope and joy
This everlasting sun.

Kori Estes

One day roads are dry,
Next day pouring rain,
Roads are filled with worms.

Katie Brownlie

LADY NATURE

Trees rise up all around me,
Mountains loom in the distance,
Such wondrous surroundings,
Such beautiful sights.

My eyes see,
My senses feel,
My mind wanders.

It wanders to you.
And all the things I never understood.
They are clear now.
I finally understand,
why.
When you were with me,
Your mind was somewhere else,
Occupied with something much greater,
Much more beautiful,
Whose charms I could never master,
And never help you forget,
Even for a short time.

This greenery you love so much.
This country you live for.

Nature is your lady.
Tranquility your romance.
Now I wonder
why
I ever dared steal you away
From such a lady.

Wendy Lawton

A strong source of life
beams its energy on me
the sun stands alone.

Anne Jackman

WORRY

Another year is almost here again,
While this year is getting tense
and close to the end.
My mind is distracted and confused.
I can't seem to concentrate on the things
I'm supposed to be doing.
My mind is preoccupied with worry.
I worry about our country and its economy.
When will all our worries end?
I flip on the tube,
To hear the evening news.
The story tonight is about
"The Unemployed in Texas."
My mind drifts back to a time
When I had no worries.
I was on the beach walking my dog
by the shore.
I was looking out at the bay,
I was smiling, I was a child.
As my mind drifts back to the evening news,
I shed a tear.
I shiver in my chair.
I hear the same hard facts
About this world of ours.
I feel like I'm being slapped in the face.
Someone is saying, "Wake up. You're a part of this
reality called the Human Race."
In my mind I hear my brother's voice,
"Keep your chin up kid. It's a hard life,
But keep on trying . . . ."
As this year comes to a close,
I say a prayer for those who are down and out,
without a home.
My mind is distracted and confused.
I can't seem to concentrate on the things
I'm supposed to do.
My mind is preoccupied with worry. . .

Brenda Jayne Niemi

TOGETHER

Walking together, hand in hand,
along the beach, in the sand.
Defining our love cannot be done,
for our type of love is the only one.
My dreams and my wishes, may come true,
but I only want them,
if they contain you.

Tricia Williamson

A white fallen flake
So softly woven are you
In his little hands.

Lucy Croce

Photo: Jane A. McCabe

Quiet times are here
Breath deep, relax and enjoy
Before time is gone.

Kim Kalinowski

Webs sparkle in light-
Invite naive visitors
Then trap forever

Yvette Thibault

Clean, soft, forgiving,
the serenity of snow
the graces of God.

Anne Jackman

PARTING SORROW

These tears of pain flow freely,
As I watch my love depart.
The knife of love cuts deeply,
As I sense my bleeding heart.

My arms are tight around him,
As I ask him not to go.
I feel his warmth surround me,
As the spark begins to glow.

I realize I must leave him,
It's only for one night,
For he'll be here tomorrow,
To make me feel alright.

This loneliness inside me,
Can't last for very long,
For the thought that he still loves me,
Keeps me oh so very strong.

I blow a kiss good-bye,
And ask that he take care.
I watch him drive away,
It's all so hard to bear.

But the tears soon go away,
As the pain turns into bliss.
I realize I can wait,
For the tenderness of his kiss.

The love we share is perfect,
For it grows more every day.
I feel his body with me,
Even when he goes away.

Cheryl Olson

The flowers in bloom
Now that spring is here to stay
Life begins today.

Laurie Arnold

元旦に
GANTAN NI

New Year's Day,

気を落ちつける
KI O OCHITSUKERU

Calm myself

三日坊主
MIKKA - BŌZU

Soon hot, soon cold.

花一輪
HANA ICHIRIN

A flower.

命あずかり
INOCHI AZUKARI

Depended on,

無責任
MUSEKININ

Irresponsible

せみの声
SEMI NO KOE

The song of Cicadas

なくてはならぬ
NAKUTEWA NARANU

Indispensable

うるささや
URUSASA YA

The big noisy

MASAMI UEMOTO

MY LONELY TRIANGLE

My love life consists of a lonely triangle,
My guy, his wife, and me.
Why must this be? It makes me so unhappy.
He says he cares,
And he even dares,
To see me now and then.
But the question will always enter my mind,
Of where, and hoe, and when.
I love him so,
My sweet Fozzy Bear,
But realistically I know,
That she and I just won't share,
So I must let him go.
Thus, with sorrow in my heart,
And memories in my mind,
I will sadly break apart,
From this lonely triangle of mine,
My guy and his wife, minus me.

Chocolate Milk

Long, thin paths I took,
but never again in the woods,
Mosquitoes get me before I can look.

Katie Brownlie

ENDING

I'm fading out of your life.
I knew it couldn't last.
My heart is breaking, ever aching.
I'll soon become part of your past.

The time went by much too quickly.
Days together were cherished, but few.
We loved for a time till it's time for good-bye,
but forever and ever I'll love you.

Cheryl Black

MY VISIT TO HEARTBREAK

I am on a journey through a land called Heartbreak. I have been on this journey now for approximately one hundred and four hours, though it is hard to be exact, for there is a weak conception of time here. So far, this has been a trip of dimmed light. The climate here is neither cold nor warm; I guess it would be best described as stagnant. On this voyage, you will tend to feel numb. Your reflexes will be dulled as well as your reactions. You will have a feeling here of nothing more than mere existence. The people on this land appear to be moving objects filling the empty space around you. They all seem to have a grey tint about them; in fact, most of the surroundings here do. There are buildings here, the same as we have in our world, but they are only the same in structure and mass. These buildings have no apparent color, and you cannot see through their glass windows. Not that you will have any desire to, but it might help to change this purposeless feeling that overwhelms you.

The streets which are walked on here have no lights, which makes it difficult to see. During the day, you might be able to find your way around a little better, only there is still that annoying grey tint, which makes it hard to be aware of what's going on around you. There is water here, in forms of rivers and oceans, only it is frigid. You yourself will not be able to feel its temperature due to your numbness, but you can tell by its icy glare that if you get too close, it might envelope you in its tide, and you too will become frozen. You see, you're very vulnerable in this land, and if you get too close to these surroundings, they might take control of you. Your health will not be very stable here. There is a constant empty feeling inside your stomach, and at times it reaches your throat and feels as though it might choke you. Your limbs will feel weak and if the weather here weren't so monotonous, a small wind might blow you over.

As for the atmosphere, there are no stars at night to keep the moon company, and the sky has no sun to make love to during the day. There is a grey haze about you, and it follows you on all your meaningless excursions.

This is one voyage in my life which I am not enjoying. I do not know when I will return, but I hope it's soon, for it has been said that if you stay in Heartbreak too long, you can never go back.

Tracy LeCompte

YOU SHOWED ME LOVE

It's different with you
than with anyone else.
I'm not the same person
I'm not myself.

You've changed me to be
much more than I was.
This one special feeling
and that's what it does.

You taught me the meaning
that there is much more.
To that special feeling
you opened the door.

You showed me the world
and the skies up above.
We experienced that feeling
that special feeling called
Love...

Kim Kaufman

Life's filled with bitter-
Sweet moments concealed in the
Depths of our hearts.

Angela Christian

Winter falls in cold
Spring has sprung all around
Fall breezes by...quickly.

Tammy Bartlett

The sun was shining
The birds flying above our heads
We were together.

Stacy Parsons

The day is over
As the children dream in their beds
And the stars shine above.

Donna Lima

WONDERLAND DOG TRACK; THROUGH THE TURNSTILE

The plate glass doors open. Hordes of people rush to the admissions booth. Money flows through quick and nimble hands. Amid the crowds, Alice slips through the turnstile.

"In that direction," the Cat said, waving it's right paw around, "lives a Hatter, and in that direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like. They're both mad." The Clubhouse, plush and elaborate, lies to the right of the parking lot. The Grandstand, cold and hostile, lies to the left. The Grandstand resembles an extension of a subway station; tar and filth linger in a drunken stupor, sucking up hope and sustenance.

The backboard is coal black, having no boundaries from the night. Its neon lights flicker; odds, daily doubles, trifectas, win, place, show, and post times. Orange and firey yellow cascade over walls and sturdy poles. The colors psychologically enhance the public's desire to gamble. They ensure security and warmth, but wads of money dwindle. The rabbit nibbles away at dollars and nerves.

A group of enthusiastic men settle around the television set, screaming primeval war cries. "I'm late, I'm late, for a very important date." The bell goes off, and the rabbit scurries down the rail. The dogs dash after the mechanical timepiece. Swiftly, the rabbit is propelled in a circular motion.

"Then you keep moving around, I suppose?" asked Alice.

"Exactly so." said the Hatter.

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" said Alice.

The dark, sinister, drooping gambler produces from deep within his smokey, foul sneer the spoils of his fruitful day. He finds a secure spot mid the inflamed, screaming crowd. His smirk and glare glitter, as his dog pulls out in front. His hunched, weary shoulders slide to the ground as "The Mad Hatter" finished second. His dreary, unwashed suit coat of vacant green perfumes the air with soiled dreams.

"But I don't want to go among mad people," said Alice.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat. "We're all mad here. I'm mad; you're mad."

Hilary Young

Photo: Sandra Lindblom "Favorite Pastime"

SIMPLE LIFE

Sometimes I hate this life I live
from day to day so much to give.
The moments go so quickly by
the secure knots will soon untie.
Sometimes happy, other times sad,
feeling good and feeling bad.
When God gave us life, you must recall,
He never said the pieces wouldn't fall.
For I guess that's what life is all about,
the worries and the troubles.
They can all be overcome by simple,
everyday pleasures.

Tricia Williamson

MY FRIEND

I call you my friend,
You call me your friend.
The things we've done,
In the time we've shared,
Mean something more
Than just good times.

The memories will always remain,
Amusing me and reminding me,
Of the time we spent
Developing our friendship.
This friendship will always
Be there, no matter where
we are.

Janet L. Fisher

On top of the world
Standing there all by myself
And it's lonely and cold.

Angela Christian

DAVE

Can we still be friends after all
that's been done ?
I still need you near me, like
the sky needs the sun.

I'll always care for you in
a very special way.
And anything you do, will
never take that away.

I gave you something special
along with my heart,
And now, knowing it's over,
is the most difficult part.

I hope we'll still be friends
After all is done.
So I can say, I not only
lost, I also won.

Lindsay Dowd

The blue sky above
The flowers in the garden
The first day of spring

Stacy Parsons

Photo: Lisa Devito

ALL MY LOVE

Because of who they are,
Parents are very special people.

When I needed help - they were there.
When I needed guiding - they were there.
Never forcing, only aiding
When I was sad - they were there
To cheer me up, making me smile.

Because of their Love, I have left
The "nest" - seeing the world through
My own eyes, Loving and hurting.
However, my Love for them is always there,
Never to be forgotten.

Janet L. Fisher

Spinning around, Crowley spotted some movement from his hiding place in the bushes. He saw four men, fully armed. He let out a savage yell as he gunned down the men.

Robbie woke in a cold sweat. Trying to focus his eyes, he made out some shapes: the foot of his bed, the dresser, the television, the lamp. He was home. Pressing the palms of his hands against his eyes, he tried to shake off the memory. Sergeant his dog, leaped onto the bed and whined.

"How ya doin' boy? Feel like going for a walk?"

Robbie got up, still feeling a little dazed from sleep. He had been having similar dreams since he returned from Viet Nam, but with more regularity the last few weeks. Slipping into a pair of Wranglers and grabbing his gun belt, he and Sergeant departed for their walk.

The wind picked up as the rain started, but Robbie didn't seem to mind as the cool raindrops whipped across his bare chest. The streetlights glowed, lighting the way as the two wandered down the street. Few people were out at this time of night, but enough to keep Robbie wary of his surroundings. A car drove by, showering him in a blinding light. He temporarily lost touch with reality. Passers-by carrying umbrellas appeared as soldiers with rifles. He grabbed his gun and started gunning down innocent victims as he ran off.

The rising sun roused Robbie from a disturbing sleep. He wandered from behind a dumpster in an alley, clutching his gun. Why was he here? Confused, he headed back towards his apartment.

Later that day, his fellow workers were discussing the tragedy of the past night. No motive was known for the brutal slaying of seven people, and worse still, there were no suspects. Robbie appeared disinterested as he continued to weld the steel girders. He heard several remarks about a psychopathic maniac who had been terrorizing people in the early hours of the morning. The whistle blew, and the men went their separate ways.

That evening, Robbie again experienced a disturbing dream, only this one was more severe. Jumping from his bed and hastily dressing, he retrieved his gun and dashed out the door.

Wherever he turned, he saw soldiers-all against him. He began gunning them down mercilessly. Someone grabbed him from behind and shoved a pistol into his back. Robbie slowly dropped his gun, repeating his name, rank, and serial number over and over. He was restrained and taken to jail, where he was examined by several psychiatrists.

Robert Crowley was held for examination for two months and no progress had been made. Hypnosis, drugs, and shock treatments could obtain no other information except his name, rank, and serial number. Viet Nam had had an irreversible effect on him.

Robbie wondered what these people wanted from him. He'd

been captured before. He was familiar with the kind of torture his body could endure. What was happening here? The only thing they'd done was talk to him. He decided that tonight he would escape during the changing of the guard. He did.

Several days passed before the police caught up with him. He was brought to trial and found guilty of eleven counts of manslaughter, suspected of twenty-nine additional counts, and sentenced to the electric chair, where he met his demise.

Doreen Linnane

Ocean waves excite
Rolling in shells or parasites
Deep through the dark night.

Yvette Lavigne

The clouds of darkness
sting the ocean with anger
together they fight.

Elaine Christy

Sailing on the ocean,
Sun hitting on me,
Freckles don't become me.

Katie Brownlie

Photo: Jane A McCabe

Mirror in the sky ...
Dance in peaceful motion ...
Dawning in your blue ...

Elaine Holbrook

BEST OF FRIENDS

When times are down,
I think of the moments
That we have shared together
As the best of friends.
They resemble the sun
On a rainy day.
Those are the thoughts
which pick me up
And make me laugh.

Janet L. Fisher

HEARTBREAK

Just a simple heartbreak,
The only wound untreatable,
No book of rules to follow,
The fact remains unbeatable.

Tears are your only medicine.
There is no pill or bandage.
Like before, you will recover.
Somehow you know you'll manage.

Time is what will heal the wounds,
And you'll start all over again.
The more you give, the more they'll take,
Just a simple heartbreak.

Darlene Kennedy

Climb a high mountain
sail on a stormy sea, or
be still and waste away.

Judy Beattie

My delicate snail
Ocean storm has subsided
Worries be gone.

Lisa Abagnale

A cloudy evening
Memories of the first time
Our first argument...

Stacy Parsons

IN THE DARKEST MOMENTS...

My heart turned to you
You were my shoulder,
My shoulder to lean on.

Your big strong muscular shoulder
Was all I ever needed
To get through
The darkest moments.

Your shoulder was pushed away,
Pushed away by me.
Now there is no shoulder to cry on,
No strong arms to cuddle in.

All the warmth has gone,
Gone out of my life.
All the tears flow like
Flowing rivers to the sea.

Orchid

Photo: Lisa Devito

SUNSHINE

Happiness seems so far
And loneliness seems so near.
Rainbows aren't in a jar
And love isn't in every tear.

You always struggle for a goal
And almost always miss the top.
But deep down in your mind and soul
There's a ray of hope that will never stop.

So keep on reaching for that star
And grasping for that love.
For these things aren't really so far
And the sunshine will come with the dove.

Milk Chocolate

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

Are we ever ourselves
Or is our life just
The Greatest Performance of all time?
The best actors that ever lived
In the best production
Of the biggest box office film!

We pay to see ourselves
Mirrored on the screen
And people are given awards
For playing their roles well
Yet we have the most difficult roles to play
For our roles are played for a lifetime

Our scripts are given to us from birth
And our characters develop with age
We are the actors who have played
A role for so long
That we actually become our portrayals
Our audience can only identify us with the roles we play

A standing ovation is in order
For the longest running show
On any theatre in the world
The play is even greater than
The complete works of Shakespeare
Put together on stage

Come one come all
To the Greatest Show on Earth
Titled "Life"
Where we are in willing suspension of disbelief
And when the curtains come down upon the final act
We say, That was a Great Performance!

Orchid

Fallen leaves
Rustling in the brisk autumn wind
Dying to be reborn.

Alison Nunes

ODE TO JEANINE

Sitting here in this lonely city
Just thinking about home,
Thinking about you
I'm feeling lonely. . .
I'm feeling blue. . .
I wish I had a dime
So I could call you.
It's been awhile. . .
I miss your smile. . .
I miss your sincerity. . .
I miss your songs blaring on the tape deck. . .
I miss your poetry and your jokes. . .
Oh, why won't you call me Jeanine?
You say the Cape is getting you down. . .
I just want to tell you
I know how you feel.
I've been there. . .
I've walked those roads. . .
I've spent those endless nights
Talking to people you don't really know.
It's such a lonely road. . .
When you're down, and on your own,
I just want to say, "I love you, my friend".
I just want to say that I understand,
It's a lonely road. . .
When you're down, and on your own. . .

Brenda Jayne Niemi

HAVE YOU EVER

Have you ever run out in the rain?
Have you ever felt a lover's pain?
Have you ever crunched the autumn
leaves under your feet?
Have you ever felt that you've been beat?
Have you ever built a snowman of snow?
Have you ever not wanted to go?
Have you ever loved someone forbidden?
Have you ever?

Lindsay Dowd

Photo: Jane A. McCabe

Sometimes we spend so much
of our time planning for the
future, that we don't think
of the present till it's
wasted in the past. . .

Helen Norton